

Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 3.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JULY 26, 1836.

NUMBER 50

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
GEORGE W. MILLET.
TERMS—One dollar and fifty cents in advance.
One dollar and seventy-five cents at the end of six months.
Two dollars at the end of the year.
No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the
option of the Publisher.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms;
the proprietor not being accountable for any error in
any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.
COMMUNICATIONS, and LETTERS on business must be
addressed to the publisher, Post-paid.

From the Philadelphia News.
Undeveloped Genius—A Passage in the Life of
P. Pilgrick Pigwiggen, Esq.

P. Pilgrick Pigwiggen is an undeveloped genius—a wasted man—his talents are like money in a short box, returning no interest. He is in truth a species of Byron in the egg; but unable to chip the shell, his genius remains unattached. The chicken moves and faintly chirps within, but no one sees it, no one hears it. Peter feels the high aspirations, and the mysterious imaginings of poetry circling about the interior of his cranium; but there they stay. When he attempts to give them utterance, he finds that nature forgot to bore out the passage, which carries thought to the tongue and to the finger ends; and as art has not yet found out the method of tunnelling, or driving a drift into the brain, to remedy such defects, and act as a general jail delivery to the prisoners of the mind, his divine conceptions continue pent in their oscure cell. In vain does Pigwiggen sigh for a splitting headache—one that shall open the sinuses, and set his fancies free. In vain does he shave his forehead and turn down his shirt collar, in hope of finding the poetic ventricle, and of leaving it clear of impediment; in vain does he drink vast quantities of gin to raise the steam so high that it may burst imagination's boiler, and suffer a few drops of it to escape; in vain does he sit up late nights, using all the means he can lay his hands on, to smoke out the secret. 'Tis useless all. No sooner has he spread the paper, and seized the pen to give bodily shape to airy dreams, than a dull dead blank succeeds. As if a flourish of the quill were the crowing of a rooster, the dainty Ariels of his imagination vanish. The feather drops from his checked fingers, the paper remains unstained, and P. Pilgrick Pigwiggen is still an undeveloped genius.

Originally a grocer's boy, Peter early felt he had a soul above soap and candles, and he so diligently nourished it with his master's sugar, figs and brandy, that early one morning he was unceremoniously dismissed with something more substantial than a then in his ear. His subsequent life was passed in various callings, but all as loudly as they would, our hero paid little attention to their voice. He had an eagle's longings, and, with an inclination to stare the sun out of countenance, it was not to be expected that he would stoop to be a harnyard fool. Working when he couldn't help it, at times pursuing chit-chat speculations at the theatre doors, by way of turning an honest penny, and now and then gazing entranced by crooked means, to feed his faculties with a view of the performances, he likewise pursued his studies through all the ballads in the market, until qualified to read the pages of Moore and Byron. Glowing with ambition, he sometimes pined to see the poet's corner of our weekly cotemporaries graced with his effusions. But though murder may out, his undeveloped genius would not. Execution tell so far short of conception that his lyrics were invariably rejected.

Deep, but unsatisfactory, were the reflections which thence arose in the breast of Pigwiggen. "How is it," said he; "how is it, I can't level down my expressions to the comprehension of the vulgar, or level up the vulgar to a comprehension of my expressions? How is it I can't get the spigot out, so my verses will run clear? I know what I mean myself, but nobody else does, and the impudent editors say its wasting time to print what nobody understands. I've plenty of genius—lots of it, for I often want to cut my throat, and would have done it long ago only it hurts. I'm checkfull of genius and running over; for I hate all sorts of work myself, and all sorts of people mean enough to do it. I hate going to bed, and I hate getting up. My conduct is very eccentric and singular. I have the miserable melancholies all the time, and I'm pretty nearly always as cross as thunder, which is a sure sign. Genius is as tender as a skinned cat, and flies into a passion, whenever you touch it. When I am discontent to buzz myself, for a little sympathy, to folks of ornery intellect—and comparisons to me, I know very few people that arn't ornery as to brains—and pour forth the feelings indignities to a poetic soul, which is always billing; they ludicrous my situation, and say they don't know what the deuce I'm driving at. Isn't genius always served of this fashion in the earth, as Hamlet, the boy after my own heart, says?—And when the slights of the world, and my soul printers, set me in a fine frenzy, and my soul swells and swells, till it almost tears my dickey; when it expansates and elevates me above the common herd, they laugh again, and tell me not to be pompous. The poor plebeians and worse than Russian scurfs!—It is the fate of genius—it is hizz'n, or rather I should say, her'n—to go through life with little sympathy and less cash. Life's a field of black-

berry raspberry bushes. Mean people squat down and pick the fruit, no matter how they black their fingers; while genius, proud and penepedicular, strides fiercely on, and gets nothing but scratches and holes tore in his trowers. These things are the fate of genius, and when you see 'em, there is genius too, although the editors won't publish its articles. These things are its premonitorys, its jonissaries, its cohorts and its consors.

"But yet, though it flames in my interiors, I can't get it out. If I catch a subject, while I am looking at it, I can't find words to put it in, and when I let go, to hunt for words, the subject is off like a shot. Sometimes I have plenty of words, but then there is either no ideas or else there is such a waterworks and catacact of them, that when I catch one, the others knock it out of my fingers. My genius is good but my mind is not sufficiently manured by 'ers."

Pigwiggen, waiting it may be till sufficiently "manured" to note his thoughts, was seen one fine morning not long since, at the corner of the street, with a melancholy, abstracted air, the general character of his appearance. His garments were of a rusty black, much the worse for wear. His coat was buttoned up to the throat, probably for a reason more cogent than that of showing the moulding of his chest, and a black handkerchief enveloped his neck. Not a particle of white was to be seen about him—just that we mean to infer that his "scurk" would not have answered to its name, if the mustor roll of his attire had been called, for we scorn to speak of a citizen's domestic relations, and until the contrary is proved, we hold it but charity to believe that every man has as many shirts as backs. Peter's cheeks were pale and hollow; his eyes sunken, and neither soap nor razor had kissed his lips for a week. His hands were in his pockets—they had the accommodation all to themselves—nothing else was there.

"Is your name Peter P. Pigwiggen?" inquired a man, with a stick, which he grasped in the middle.

"My name is P. Pilgrick Pigwiggen, if you please, my good friend," replied our hero, with a flush of indignation at being mis-called.

"You'll do," was the nonchalant response; & the man with a stick, drew forth a parallel-gram of paper, curiously inscribed with characters, partly written and partly printed, of which we will, "The Connonwealth greeting," were strikingly visible—"you'll do, Mr. Pilgrick Pigwiggen Peter. That's a capias ad respondendum, the English of which is you're caught because you can't pay; only they put it in Greek, so's not to hurt a gentleman's feelings, and make him feel flat afore the courts, but the way the law's polite and a squire's office is genteel, when the thing is under a hundred dollars, is cautionary."

There was but little to be said. Peter yielded at once. His landlady, with little respect for the incipient Byron had turned him out that morning, and had likewise sent "the man with a stick" to arrest the course of undeveloped genius. Peter walked before, and he of the "taking way," strolled leisurely behind.

"It's the fate of genius, squir—The money is owed. But how can I help it? I can't live without eating and sleeping. If I wasn't to do those functionaries, it would be suicide, severe beyond circumflexion."

"Well, you know, you must either pay or go to jail."

"Now, squire, as a friend—I can't pay, and I don't admire jail—as a friend, now."

"Got any bail?—No!—what's your trade—what name is it?"

"Poey," was the laconic, but dignified reply.

"Poey?—Yes, I remember Poey. You're in the shoe-cleaning line, somewhere in Fourth street. Poey, boots and shoes cleaned here. Getting whiter ar'n't you? I thought Poey was a little darker in the countenance."

"P-o-e-s-y!" roared Peter, spelling the word at the top of his voice; "I'm a poet."

"Well, Poey, I suppose you don't write for nothing. Why didn't you pay your landlady out of what you received for your books, Poey?"

"My genius ain't developed. I haven't written anything yet. Only wait till my mind is manured, so I can catch the idea, and I'll pay off all old scores."

"T'wont do, Poey. I don't understand it at all. You must go and find a little undeveloped bail, or I must send you to prison. The officer will go with you. But say; there's Mr. Grubson in the corner—perhaps he will bail you."

Grubson looked unpromising. He had fallen asleep, and the flies hommed about his sulky copper-coloured visage, laughing at his unconscious efforts to drive them away. He was aroused by Pilgrick, who insinuatingly preferred the request.

"I'll see you hanged first," replied Mr. Grubson; "I goes bail for nobody. I'm undeveloped myself on that subject, not but I've the greatest respect for you in the world, but the most of people's clients."

"You see, Poey the development won't answer. You must try out of doors. The officer will go with you."

"You see, Poey the development won't answer. You must try out of doors. The officer will go with you."

"You see, Poey the development won't answer. You must try out of doors. The officer will go with you."

"You see, Poey the development won't answer. You must try out of doors. The officer will go with you."

"You see, Poey the development won't answer. You must try out of doors. The officer will go with you."

"You see, Poey the development won't answer. You must try out of doors. The officer will go with you."

"You see, Poey the development won't answer. You must try out of doors. The officer will go with you."

"You see, Poey the development won't answer. You must try out of doors. The officer will go with you."

"You see, Poey the development won't answer. You must try out of doors. The officer will go with you."

"You see, Poey the development won't answer. You must try out of doors. The officer will go with you."

"You see, Poey the development won't answer. You must try out of doors. The officer will go with you."

"You see, Poey the development won't answer. You must try out of doors. The officer will go with you."

"Squire as a friend, excuse me," said Pilgrick. "But the truth of the matter is this.—I'm delicate about being seen in the street with a constable. I'm principled against it. The reputation which I'm going to get, might be injured by it. Wouldn't it be pretty much the same thing, if Mr. Grubson was to go with the officer and get me a little bail?"

"I'm delicate myself," growled Grubson; "I'm principled agin that too. Every man walk about on his own 'sponsibility; every man bail his own boat. You might jist as well ask me to swallow your physic, or take your thrashings."

Alas! Pilgrick knew that his boat was past balling. Few are the friends of genius in any of its stages—very few are they when it is undeveloped. He, therefore, consented to sojourn in "Arch, West of Broad," until the white washing process could be performed, on condition he were taken there by the "alley way."

For he still looks ahead to the day, when a hot pressed volume shall be published by the leading booksellers, entitled Poems, by P. Pilgrick Pigwiggen, Esq.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—The following extract from the "Frenchman's story of the Revolution and its horrors," will serve to illustrate the descriptive powers of one of the editors of the American Monthly Magazine. The scene is the *Place de Greve*, where the guillotine was erected in permanence, with a wagon load of human beings about to be massacred:

"Among those, the most remarkable was a venerable old man, whose bent figure, thin white hair, high, wrinkled forehead, and withered complexion bespoke the extremity of age; yet his manner was firm, and he never forgot for a moment the calm propriety of his demeanour. By his side stood a woman, now no longer young; but retaining much of the beauty, and all the dignified elegance of former days. She stood erect, and supported without effort the arm of the old man, who leaned heavily on hers. The other rested on the neck of a fairly young girl—a mere child—not apparently more than ten years old, whose tear-swollen eyes were fixed on her mother's face, with sad and touching melancholy of childish grief. They spoke not much together; once, as the wagon stopped near where I stood, I heard the old man murmur words of patience and encouragement to his companion: as he spoke, she turned her eyes towards the child—she gazed on that young, fair face, and all a mother's love beamed in her eye—the trial was almost too great for her—her lip quivered—her face grew more deadly pale—but in a moment, by strong effort, she banished from her look every appearance of weakness. She raised her eyes to heaven—her lips moved—and then, as if her prayer for fortitude had been instantly answered, she turned a bright and smiling look on the little innocent; smoothed back the curling hair that clustered around that lovely forehead, and the mother imprinted one long fond kiss on the brow of her child."

The wagon passed on, and I inquired the name of the victim whose appearance had so strongly interested me. It was Malesherbes—the honest and able Minister—the undaunted advocate—the kind and true friend of Louis Capet—accompanied by his daughter, the Marchioness Roccambo, and her child—about to die on the scaffold! But the child? surely they would not murder the child! And why not? The old man's crime was his innocence and purity of character—how then could the child escape. The wagon was drawn up beside the guillotine, and all was soon ready for the first execution. Malesherbes stood nearest the steps; and was about to descend when a savage voice cried out, "The child first!" The old man would have remonstrated, but his child checked him—"Tis but a moment, my father," said she, "tis but a moment,"—she raised the child in her arms, and herself handed it to the executioner. The little creature, frightened by the savage looks of the man, cried out, "Don't leave me, mother—come with me—don't leave me." "I will not leave you, child—I will be with you in a moment." The child was aged, and the mother turned towards her aged parent, and buried her face in his neck, he, too, bent forward, till his white hair flowed over her shoulders. Thus they saw nothing—yet they were so near that they must have heard the jerk of the string that loosed the ponderous axe—and its clatter as it fell. A strong shudder shook the frame of the mother; but when the executioner called out "now for the woman," she raised her placid face from her father's neck—looked fondly in his face—kissed his cheek—"For a brief moment, farewell, my father." She stepped with a light, firm tread from the wagon—mounted the scaffold, and in a moment she was with her child.

Malesherbes came next; he had summoned all his energies for the last scene in his life's drama and he played it nobly. Never in the proudest days of his power had the minister looked or moved with a loftier dignity. With a wave of the hand he repulsed the rude advance of one of the guard who would have assisted his descent from the wagon. Self-sustained, in body as in mind, he advanced slowly to the scaffold—even the fiends allowed the old

man to place himself, almost unassisted on the platform. They would have bound him, but he gave a forbidding look—it was enough—the executioner retired—the plank was pushed forward—and for a moment the old man must have seen, in the basket below, the heads of his children. The additional pang, if it was one, was short—the executioner jerked the string, and all was over.

FROM THE FAIR WEST.

The New York Commercial Advertiser publishes a very pleasant and graphic letter from Geo. Catlin, the artist, dated at St. Louis. Mr. Catlin is well known as the proprietor of a very extensive collection of paintings, containing portraits of distinguished Indians, illustrations of their habits, ceremonies, &c. We make the following extracts from his letter to the Commercial:

"I have viewed man in the artless and innocent simplicity of nature, in the full enjoyment of the luxuries which God had bestowed upon him. I have seen him happier than kings or princes can be, with his pipe, and little ones about him. I have seen him shrinking from civilized approach, which came, with all its vices, like the dead of night, upon him: I have seen, raised, too, in that darkness, religion's torch, and seen him gaze and then retreat like frightened deer, that are blinded by the light: I have seen him shrinking from the soil and haunts of his boyhood, bursting the strongest ties which bound him to earth and its pleasures: I have seen him set fire to his wigwam, and smooth over the graves of his fathers: I have seen him (tis the only thing that will bring them) with tears of grief sliding over his cheek, clap his hand in silence over his mouth, and take the last look over his fair hunting grounds, and turn his face in sadness to the setting sun. All this I have seen performed in nature's silent dignity and grace, which forsake him not in the last extremity of misfortune and despair; and I have seen, as often, the approach of the bustling, busy, talking, whistling, hopping, elated and exulting white man with the first dip of the ploughshare making sacrilegious trespass on the bones of the valiant dead. I have seen the skull, the pipe, and the tomahawk rise from the ground together in interrogations which the sophistry of the world can never answer. I have seen, thus, in all its forms and features, the grand and irresistible march of civilization. I have seen this splendid juggernaut rolling on—beheld its sweeping desolation and held converse with the happy thousands, living, as yet, beyond its influence, who have not been crushed, nor yet have dreamed of its approach. I have stood amidst these unsophisticated people, and contemplated with feelings of deepest regret, the certain approach of this overwhelming system, which will inevitably march on and prosper, until reluctant tears shall have watered every rod of this fair land; and from the towering cliffs of the Rocky mountains, the luckless savage will turn back his swollen eye over the blue and illimitable hunting grounds from whence he has fled, and there contemplate, like Marius on the ruins of Carthage, their splendid desolation."

On the Red River I have seen the rich Louisiana cleaving up her cotton and sugar plantations, where the sunbeam could be seen reflected from the glistening pates of his hundred negroes making first trespass with the hoe. I have set with him at his table in his log cabin, sipping sherry and champagne. He talks of "hogs-heads and price of stocks," or "goes in for cotton." In the western parts of Arkansas and Missouri, I have shared the genuine cottage hospitality of the abrupt, yet polite and honorable Kentuckian; the easy, affable and social Tennesseean; this has "a smart chance of corn" the other, perhaps, "a power of cotton"; and then occasionally, (from the Old Dominion,) "I reckon I shall have a mighty heap of tobacco this season," &c.

Boys in this country are "peart," fever and ague renders one "powerful weak," and sometimes it is almost impossible to get "shet" of it. Intelligence, hospitality, and good cheer reign under all of these humble roofs, and the traveler who knows how to appreciate those things, with a good cup of coffee, corn bread and fresh butter, can easily enjoy moments of bliss in converse with the humble pioneer. On the Upper Mississippi and Missouri, for the distance of seven or eight hundred miles above St. Louis, is one of the most beautiful champaign countries in the world, continually attenuating into timber and fields of the softest green, calculated from its latitude for the people of the northern and eastern states, and "Jonathan" is already here—and almost every body else from "down east"—with fences of white, drawn and drawing, like chalk lines over the green prairie. "By gosh, this ore is the biggest clearin' I ever see." "I expect we had'n't ought to raise nothing but wheat and rye here."—"I guess you've come arter land ha'n't you?"

Singular Instances of Sudden Death.

The following instances of sudden death, one from a puncture of the spine, and the other from the accidental penetration of the eye by a sharp instrument, is related in the Metropolitan by that notable personage John Ketch, who has been enlightening the world by a history of his Life, Opinions, and Adventures:

A drunken coal heaver fell from a wagon go-

ing up Ludgate Hill. He was covered with mud, and appearing to be hurt, I and two others laid him upon a shutter, and took him to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He was stripped, and the surgeon examined him, but no injury could be discovered; still he said he could not rise up in the bed. Mr. Abernethy happened to come in shortly afterwards, when the case was shown to him, but he could make nothing of it. "Let him," said the great surgeon, "he washed thoroughly clean and send for the barber, and have that beard taken off, which appears to be of a month's growth. About an hour after this, as I was relating to the surgeons the manner in which he fell from the wagon, a message was brought that the man had instantaneously, while he was undergoing the operation of shaving, given up the ghost. We all immediately repaired to the spot, where laid the man half shaved, but quite dead. The barber said he appeared to be well, and was talking to him one instant, and the next was a dead man. 'I had hold of him,' said he, 'by the nose, and I did but turn his head very gently to use the razor, when he without breathing or a sigh, went off.' Abernethy turned to the young students, and told them this was a case for study, saying, 'There was a cause for the man's death: that the following morning he would open the body, and find it out. But,' added he, 'think of the case, and before I make the examination, tell me in the morning, each of you, your opinion, what it is that has so suddenly deprived him of his life.' One of the students said, 'I think a vertebral bone is fractured, and that as the barber turned his head to shave him, a splinter penetrated the spinal cord.' 'You have it,' cried Abernethy, turn him up, and we shall see.' They immediately cut down the back, and discovered a small piece of fractured bone, not bigger than the half a pin, which had penetrated the spine; then taking the corpse by the nose, they observed as they turned the head one way, the splinter came out, and as they turned it the contrary, it entered the vital chord. The problem of his death was now at once solved, and I learnt how little it took to stop the great machine of life in man."

There is also another mode of losing life in a very simple way, which I became acquainted with in consequence of an accident. A man was found in a field quite dead, with a hay-fork or a prong by the side of him; he was opened, but no probable cause for his sudden death could be discovered. At length, one of the surgeons sent for the fork, in consequence of a witness saying that it was only a few minutes before his death that he saw the deceased leaning upon it, with the points upwards, as he was standing in the field. On the point of one prong of the fork was discovered something like a small speck, but no wound could be found upon the corpse. The surgeon now pushed back the corner of the eye next the nose, and then declared that he had discovered the manner of the man's death; namely, that while leaning on the fork he had slipped, and the point of it had entered the corner of the eye under the nose, and produced instant death. "For" added he, "we all know that in this manner we may be killed with a pin or needle, without having any external wound so as to indicate the cause." He (the surgeon) then explained to the persons present, that this peculiarly vulnerable part could not be reached, excepting only by the means above described; that is, putting the instrument used sideways into the corner of the eye, and then immediately direct it in a straight-forward manner, so as to penetrate in a direction towards the brain, under the upward part of the nasal bone. "Such an operation," said he, "performed with the smallest needle, produces instantaneous death."

Internal Improvement in Maine.

We learn from the Age that the following surveys and reconnoissances were ordered at the session of last week.

1. A Survey of the River St. Croix and the adjacent waters. The object of this survey is to develop the resources of that interesting portion of the State, and the capabilities for internal navigation &c. of those extensive waters. The survey will be commenced in a few weeks by an experienced Engineer, under the direction of Hon. TIMOTHY PILLSBURY, a member of the Board, who has been indefatigable in pressing upon the Board not only the importance of the survey to the interests of the State, but of its speedy accomplishment.

2. A Reconnoissance of the country between the mouth of Sebasticook River and the Moosehead waters, with a view of ascertaining the practicability of connecting those waters by a Canal of sufficient size for boats of the largest class. This work will be commenced as soon as an Engineer can be engaged for the purpose.

3. A Reconnoissance, and estimate of the expense, of a Rail Road from Bangor to Portland, crossing the Kennebec River at or near the head of tide waters. An Engineer of experience and character is expected to perform this service in the course of the present season, and it is hoped ere long a continuous line of Rail Road may be in operation from the extreme East to the Western line of the State.

A hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbor; but through knowledge shall the just be delivered.

and wis-
it is call-
ve. Tho
amounts to
epugnant to
not much
ve that to
dered inde-
irely be-
absurdity.
se of this
our Judges
the source
more cer-
t, faithful
e.

upon our republican stock—that the influence of monopolies and exclusive privileges is extending itself too far and too wide—that individual rights are not sufficiently guarded and protected when they come in conflict with chartered rights—that corporations and rights vested under them are exercising too controlling an influence?—and is there not some foundation for this dis-

THOS H. BENTON,
JAMES BUCHANAN.

Wool.—The Hampshire Republican says—
"Wool is evidently in advance of last year's
prices, though far short of what it ought to be to
repay the farmer for the extra cost of the last
winter's keeping."

nations. We have considered, and do now consider, such an adherence to be the sheet anchor of our safety as a party, and that the causes which would warrant a departure from such a course, should be of no trifling nature. We believe that all nominations made by a Convention regularly called and fairly conducted, should be considered as obligatory upon all the

OXFORD, ss: and day 18th, 1836.
 TAKEN on execution and will be sold at Public Ven-
 ue on SATURDAY the thirtieth-^{per cent} day of Au-
 gust next, at one o'clock P. M. at Ball's Market a Tavern
 in Bethel, in said county, all the right in equity of redem-
 ption which RIMBELL BEAN has to a certain
 tract of land situated in said Bethel, being a piece of
 common land divided to said Bean by Thaddeus W. Hartlett,
 and mortgaged to the town of Bethel, and the same
 which Joshua Haines now lives on.
 HEBERTAH HUTCHINS, Jr. Dep. Sh. ff.

At Auction, on Monday the fifteenth day of August
1836, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Store of
James & Richardson in New York City, all the right of redemption
belonging to ELLIOTT LEACH has in and to the fourth
part of lot No. two new lives and occupies in said Jay's
(being the castle), part of lot No. two, in the town-
ship of Dutchess and the north-east part of lot
(being the castle) containing fifty acres more or less, the same
being under Mortgage to James Starr, the same having
been attached on the original writ in this suit.

THOMAS WINSLOW, Dept. Shff.
Jay, July 6th, 1836. 3w43

...ing the main